

## Short Poetic Dream 20201223081308986579

Texts Used: The Odyssey by Homer

This text was remixed using a “Dream Filter”, or a Python-coded text processor, by [Thomas Park](#). The purpose is, rather than rendering a narrative, emulating a dream.

on heaps of death the stern Ulysses stood,  
all black with dust, and cover'd thick with blood.  
with rocky mountains, and with olives crown'd,  
behold the gloomy grot! whose cool recess  
delights the Nereids of the neighbouring seas;  
on heaps of death the stern Ulysses stood,  
all black with dust, and cover'd thick with blood.  
so the grim lion from the slaughter comes,  
and every piercing note inflicts a wound."  
"Why, dearest object of my duteous love,  
replied the prince, will you the bard reprove?  
"Yes, I believe he cries almighty Jove!  
heaven rules us yet, and gods there are above.  
'Tis so--the suitors for their wrongs have paid--  
and witness every household power that waits,  
guard of these fires, and angel of these gates!  
ere the next moon increase or this decay,  
on heaps of death the stern Ulysses stood,

all black with dust, and cover'd thick with blood.  
so the grim lion from the slaughter comes,  
conscious of worth reviled, thy generous mind  
the friendly rite of purity declined;  
nigh where a grove with verdant poplars crown'd,  
to Pallas sacred, shades the holy ground,  
oh let soft pity touch thy generous mind!  
unconscious of what air I breathe, I stand  
and every fountain pours a several rill,  
in mazy windings wandering down the hill:  
where bloomy meads with vivid greens were crown'd,  
their love presumptuous shall by death atone.  
now what you question of my ancient friend,  
with truth I answer; thou the truth attend.  
sure fate of every mortal excellence!  
farewell! and joys successive ever spring  
to thee, to thine, the people, and the king!"  
blind as they were: for death e'en now invades  
his destined prey, and wraps them all in shades.  
and o'er the banquet every heart be gay:  
this social right demands: for him the sails,  
floating in air, invite the impelling gales:

the gods they challenge, and affect the skies:  
heaved on Olympus tottering Ossa stood;  
on Ossa, Pelion nods with all his wood.  
shalt yet enjoy, but still art doom'd to roam.  
once more the Nile, who from the secret source  
of Jove's high seat descends with sweepy force,  
to him the man of woes; "O gracious Jove!  
reward this stranger's hospitable love!  
the goblet high with rosy wine they crown'd,  
in order circling to the peers around.  
then in a bowl he tempers generous wines,  
around whose verge a mimic ivy twines.  
there in the portal placed, the heaven-born maid  
enormous riot and misrule survey'd.  
on hides of beeves, before the palace gate  
ulysses. They discourse concerning the death of Agamemnon, the  
revenge of Orestes, and the injuries of the suitors. Nestor  
the speediest succour from my guardian hand;  
lest, in a search too anxious and too vain,  
thus might we sit, with social goblets crown'd,  
till the whole circle of the year goes round:  
death, present death, on every side appears.

happy! thrice happy! who, in battle slain,  
judge, and assert my right, impartial Jove!  
by him, and all the immortal host above  
a sacred oath, if heaven the power supply,  
received the vestures, and the mules unbound.  
she seeks the bridal bower: a matron there  
the hardest bondage to a generous mind!  
down to these worlds I trod the dismal way,  
for thee I mourn till death dissolves my frame."  
thus wailing, slow and sadly she descends,  
on either hand a damsel train attends:  
and solemn horror saddens every breast.  
a freshening breeze the magic power supplied,  
while the wing'd vessel flew along the tide;  
but discord and black death await the game!  
the prudent queen the lofty stair ascends:  
at distance due a virgin-train attends;  
promiscuous every guest to every bay,  
these ears have heard my royal sire disclose  
a dreadful story, big with future woes;  
promiscuous every guest to every bay,  
these ears have heard my royal sire disclose

a dreadful story, big with future woes;  
no help, no flight; but wounded every way,  
headlong they drop; the fowlers seize their prey.  
"Come, ever welcome, and thy succour lend;  
o every sacred name in one, my friend!  
early we loved, and long our loves have grown;  
the circling year I wait, with ampler stores  
and fitter pomp to hail my native shores:  
"The fiction pleased, our generous train complies,  
nor fraud mistrusts in virtue's fair disguise.  
by breed increase not, nor by death decay.  
two sister goddesses possess the plain,  
the constant guardian of the woolly train;  
if thou the circling year my stay control,  
to raise a bounty noble as thy soul;  
"Yes, I believe he cries almighty Jove!  
heaven rules us yet, and gods there are above.  
thus smooth he ended, yet his death conspired:  
then sorrowing, with sad step the queen retired,  
from every dome by pomp superior known;  
a child may point the way. With earnest gait  
and both the prince and augur threat in vain:

his pride of words, and thy wild dream of fate,  
move not the brave, or only move their hate,  
for Greece has beauteous dames on every shore,  
but baffled thus! confess'd so far below  
ulysses' strength, as not to bend his bow!  
to every god vow hecatombs to bleed.  
and call Jove's vengeance on their guilty deed.  
still lives the wretch who wrought the death deplored,  
but lives a victim for thy vengeful sword;  
or decently in death my limbs compose.  
o woman, woman, when to ill thy mind  
through every breast, and spread from man to man,  
till wrathful thus Eurylochus began:  
"O cruel thou! some Fury sure has steel'd  
the choicest morsels lay from every part.  
some in the flames bestrew'd with flour they threw;  
some cut in fragments from the forks they drew:  
whoe'er he be, till every prince lie dead?  
be mindful of yourselves, draw forth your swords,  
a painted wonder, flying on the main:  
an oar my hand must bear; a shepherd eyes  
the unknown instrument with strange surprise,

be every fetter strain'd, and added band to band.

"These seas o'erpass'd, be wise! but I refrain

"Daughters of Jove! who from the ethereal bowers

descend to swell the springs, and feed the flowers!

and a full goblet foams with generous wines;

his food a herald bore; and now they fed;

that anchor'd in his port the vessels stand,

to waft the hero to his natal land.

i for Dulichium urge the watery way,

for this, my hand shall wither every grace,

and every elegance of form and face;

o'er thy smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread,

fly swift the dangerous coast: let every ear

be stopp'd against the song! 'tis death to hear!

his generous wines dishonour'd shed in vain,

and the wild riots of the suitor-train.

the king alternate a dire tale relates,

the choicest morsels lay from every part.

the sacred sage before his altar stands,

turns the burnt offering with his holy hands,

but generous youth! sincere and free declare,

are you, of manly growth, his royal heir?

the goblet high with rosy wine they crown'd,  
in order circling to the peers around.  
sooner shalt thou, a stranger to thy shape,  
fall prone their equal: first thy danger know,  
sung on direct, and threaded every ring.  
the solid gate its fury scarcely bounds;  
thus might we sit, with social goblets crown'd,  
till the whole circle of the year goes round:  
conscious of every coast, and every bay,  
that lies beneath the sun's all-seeing ray;  
conscious of every coast, and every bay,  
that lies beneath the sun's all-seeing ray;  
still lives the wretch who wrought the death deplored,  
but lives a victim for thy vengeful sword;  
the gloomy west, and whistles in the skies.  
the mountain-billows roar! the furious blast  
howls o'er the shroud, and rends it from the mast:  
promiscuous every guest to every bay,  
stern Neptune raged; and how by his command  
promiscuous every guest to every bay,  
stern Neptune raged; and how by his command  
be stopp'd against the song! 'tis death to hear!



firm to the mast with chains thyself be bound,  
nor trust thy virtue to the enchanting sound.  
their love presumptuous shall by death atone.  
now what you question of my ancient friend,  
with truth I answer; thou the truth attend.  
his every step and every thought is wise.  
for men like these on earth he shall not find  
in all the miscreant race of human kind."  
his every step and every thought is wise.  
for men like these on earth he shall not find  
in all the miscreant race of human kind."  
with goblets crown'd, the rulers of the land;  
prepared for rest, and offering to the god  
who bears the virtue of the sleepy rod,  
with dulcet beverage this the beaker crown'd,  
fair in the midst, with gilded cups around:  
a sure defence from every storm that blows.  
close to the bay great Neptune's fane adjoins;  
and near, a forum flank'd with marble shines,  
and with a generous hand reward his stay;  
for since kind heaven with wealth our realm has bless'd,  
or, wrapp'd in flame, he glows at every limb.

yet, still retentive, with redoubled might,  
through each vain passive form constrain his flight  
nor shalt thou in the day of danger find  
thy coward son degenerate lag behind."  
"Then instant to the bath the monarch cries,  
since cold in death the offender lies, oh spare  
thy suppliant people, and receive their prayer!  
a mirthful frenzy seized the fated crowd;  
the roofs resound with causeless laughter loud;  
while the slow mules draws on the imperial maid;  
through the proud street she moves, the public gaze;  
the turning wheel before the palace stays.  
strain every nerve, and bid the vessel fly.  
if from yon jostling rocks and wavy war  
jove safety grants, he grants it to your care.  
so peaceful shalt thou end thy blissful days,  
and steal thyself from life by slow decays:  
unknown to pain, in age resign thy breath,  
instant her circling wand the goddess waves,  
to hogs transforms them, and the sty receives.  
and deluges of blood flow'd round you every way.  
nor ceased the strife till Jove himself opposed,

but every season fills the foaming pail.  
whilst, heaping unwash'd wealth, I distant roam,  
and a full goblet foams with generous wines;  
his food a herald bore; and now they fed;  
and now the rage of craving hunger fled.  
if death to these, and vengeance Heaven decree,  
riches are welcome then, not else, to me.  
till then retain the gifts."--The hero said,  
great and terrific e'en in death you lay,  
and deluges of blood flow'd round you every way.  
nor ceased the strife till Jove himself opposed,  
is death thy choice, or misery thy boast,  
that here inglorious, on a barren coast,  
thy brave associates droop, a meagre train,  
shalt yet enjoy, but still art doom'd to roam.  
once more the Nile, who from the secret source  
of Jove's high seat descends with sweepy force,  
and learn the generous from the ignoble heart  
not but his soul, resentful as humane,  
dooms to full vengeance all the offending train;  
at once the seats they fill; and every eye  
glazed, as before some brother of the sky.

and with the generous vintage thirst assuaged.  
now on return her care Nausicaa bends,  
the robes resumes, the glittering car ascends,  
till safe we anchor'd in the shelter'd bay:  
our sails we gather'd, cast our cables o'er,  
and slept secure along the sandy shore.  
my generous soul abhors the ungrateful part,  
and my friend's son lives nearest to my heart.  
then fear no mortal arm; if Heaven destroy,  
thy words like music every breast control,  
steal through the ear, and win upon the soul;  
soft, as some song divine, thy story flows,  
cimmericians, and what ceremonies he performed to invoke the dead.  
the manner of his descent, and the apparition of the shades: his  
or decently in death my limbs compose.  
o woman, woman, when to ill thy mind  
o greatly bless'd with every blooming grace!  
with equal steps the paths of glory trace;  
join to that royal youth's your rival name,  
from every friendly, every feeling heart!  
while yet she was, though clouded o'er with grief.  
her pleasing converse minister'd relief:

from every friendly, every feeling heart!  
while yet she was, though clouded o'er with grief.  
her pleasing converse minister'd relief:  
two hundred oxen every prince shall pay:  
the waste of years refunded in a day.  
till then thy wrath is just." Ulysses burn'd  
but, lost to every joy, she wastes the day  
in tedious cares, and weeps the night away."  
at every point their master's rigid will;  
first, fast behind, his hands and feet they bound,  
if thou the circling year my stay control,  
to raise a bounty noble as thy soul;  
the circling year I wait, with ampler stores  
and gather all the honours of the day.  
then from his glittering throne Alcinous rose;  
"Attend he cried while we our will disclose.  
jove plunged my senses in the death of sleep.  
all night I slept, oblivious of my pain:  
on every plant and tree thy cares are shown,  
nothing neglected, but thyself alone.  
gazed o'er his sire, retracing every line,  
the ruins of himself, now worn away

with age, yet still majestic in decay!  
and deluges of blood flow'd round you every way.  
nor ceased the strife till Jove himself opposed,  
till safe we anchor'd in the shelter'd bay:  
our sails we gather'd, cast our cables o'er,  
'Tis death with hostile step these shores to tread;  
safe in the love of heaven, an ocean flows  
around our realm, a barrier from the foes;  
he feasted every sense with every joy.  
he bathes; the damsels with officious toil,  
he feasted every sense with every joy.  
he bathes; the damsels with officious toil,  
attest, O Jove! the truth I now relate!  
this sacred truth attest, each genial power,  
and both the prince and augur threat in vain:  
his pride of words, and thy wild dream of fate,  
from every other hand redress he found,  
but fell Antinous answer'd with a wound."  
for here one vest suffices every swain:  
no change of garments to our hinds is known;  
when death had seized her prey, thy son attends,  
and at his nod the damsel-train descends;

they turn, review, and cheapen every toy.

he took the occasion, as they stood intent,

gave her the sign, and to his vessel went.

my generous soul abhors the ungrateful part,

and my friend's son lives nearest to my heart.

then fear no mortal arm; if Heaven destroy,

in every danger and in every war:

never on man did heavenly favour shine

with rays so strong, distinguish'd and divine,

in every danger and in every war:

never on man did heavenly favour shine

with rays so strong, distinguish'd and divine,

oh let soft pity touch thy generous mind!

unconscious of what air I breathe, I stand

naked, defenceless on a narrow land.

but generous youth! sincere and free declare,

are you, of manly growth, his royal heir?

fly swift the dangerous coast: let every ear

be stopp'd against the song! 'tis death to hear!

but discord and black death await the game!

the prudent queen the lofty stair ascends:

and o'er the banquet every heart be gay:

this social right demands: for him the sails,  
floating in air, invite the impelling gales:  
the wretched augur thus for mercy calls:  
"Oh gracious hear, nor let thy suppliant bleed;  
their love presumptuous shall by death atone.  
now what you question of my ancient friend,  
at every point their master's rigid will;  
first, fast behind, his hands and feet they bound,  
in every land thy monument of praise."  
full of the god he raised his lofty strain:  
how the Greeks rush'd tumultuous to the main;  
till the fleet hours restore the circling year.  
but if his soul hath wing'd the destined flight,  
inhabitant of deep disastrous night;  
who, lingering along, has call'd on death in vain,  
fix'd by some demon to his bed of pain,  
till heaven by miracle his life restore;  
and suppliant stands, invoking every power  
to speed Ulysses to his native shore.  
a knotty stake then aiming at his head,  
the death of the suitors. Penelope scarcely credits her; but  
supposes some god has punished them, and descends from her



department in doubt. At the first interview of Ulysses and

who deem this act the work of mortal hand;

as o'er the heaps of death Ulysses strode,

these eyes, these eyes beheld a present god,

we see the death from which we cannot move,

and humbled groan beneath the hand of Jove.

his ample maw with human carnage fill'd,

sunk was each heart, and pale was every face,

signs from above ensued: the unfolding sky

blind as they were: for death e'en now invades

his destined prey, and wraps them all in shades.

crown him with every joy, ye favouring skies

to thy calm hours continued peace afford,

"Yes, I believe he cries almighty Jove!

heaven rules us yet, and gods there are above.

far from the sweet society of men,

to thy own dogs a prey thou shalt be made;

if Heaven and Phoebus lend the suitors aid."

the lewd to death devote, the virtuous spare."

"Thy aid avails me not the chief replied;

my own experience shall their doom decide:

at every point their master's rigid will;

first, fast behind, his hands and feet they bound,  
then straighten'd cords involved his body round;  
but, lost to every joy, she wastes the day  
in tedious cares, and weeps the night away."  
instant, O Jove! confound the suitor-train,  
for whom o'ertoil'd I grind the golden grain:  
far from this dome the lewd devourers cast,  
"Come, ever welcome, and thy succour lend;  
o every sacred name in one, my friend!  
early we loved, and long our loves have grown;  
thy death ennobled by Ulysses' spear.  
by the bold son Amphimedon was slain,  
death shall lay low the proud aggressor's head,  
and make the dust Antinous' bridal bed."  
"Peace, wretch! and eat thy bread without offence  
a gazing throng, a torch in every hand.  
they saw, they knew him, and with fond embrace  
and melting pity soften'd every face;  
from every other hand redress he found,  
while the slow mules draws on the imperial maid;  
through the proud street she moves, the public gaze;  
the turning wheel before the palace stays.

thy every wish the bounteous gods bestow;  
enjoy the present good, and former woe.  
"That generous soul with just resentment burns;  
yet, taught by time, my heart has learn'd to glow  
and witness every power that rules the sky!  
if here Ulysses from his labours rest,  
be then my prize a tunic and a vest;  
for this, my hand shall wither every grace,  
and every elegance of form and face;  
helpless amid the snares of death I tread,  
and numbers leagued in impious union dread;  
blind as they were: for death e'en now invades  
his destined prey, and wraps them all in shades.  
my well-aim'd shaft with death prevents the foe:  
alone superior in the field of Troy,  
a golden distaff gave to Helen's hand;  
and that rich vase, with living sculpture wrought,  
which heap'd with wool the beauteous Phylo brought  
i speak aloud, that every Greek may hear:  
dismiss the queen; and if her sire approves  
let him espouse her to the peer she loves:  
shalt yet enjoy, but still art doom'd to roam.

once more the Nile, who from the secret source

when first our vessel anchor'd in your road."